



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

Prize Tale.—From the New-England Galaxy.

May Martin, or the Money Diggers.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN TALE,

BY D. P. THOMPSON OF MONTPELIER, VT.

[Continued.]

THE next day was spent by Martin and his new acquaintance in the woods, the former acting as guide, as they rambled over the adjacent tracts of wild land, in furtherance of the professed object of the latter's sojourn in the valley. The next and the next, found them engaged in the same employment, to the great wonderment of May, who knowing from the course taken by them, and from their returns to their daily meal at noon, that their excursions were always short and in the same direction, could not understand the use of so much exploring for a general examination of a few lots of land. She was also led to notice that a deep intimacy was growing between them; and she soon perceived that they were engaged in some secret purpose far different from that by which they pretended to be occupied. Gow affected, in the presence of the family, a knowing silence on the subject of their employment, and frequently pretended to check his friend as the latter began to throw out hints about new houses, improvements and purchases, implying a sudden change in his circumstances. All this, however, would have but little interested our heroine, and might have passed unheeded by her, had she not motives of her own for watching the conduct of Gow, whose character from the first she had much reason to regard with suspicion, and whose increasing attentions to herself, which could now no longer be mistaken for ordinary courtesy, and which grew every day more and more annoying, furnished her additional reasons for wishing to fathom his designs.

But it is time perhaps, to apprise the reader more fully of the project in which Gow had enlisted Martin.

At the foot of a lofty mountain in the woods, about a mile northwesterly of Martin's house, a few days after Gow's arrival, these

two personages might be seen seated on a fallen tree, the one with his face protruded into his hat which he held in his lap, seemingly gazing at something at the bottom, while the other was attentively listening to the remarks, which at intervals, fell from the former. The dialogue which now ensued between them will sufficiently explain the nature of their employment.

'Are you quite certain, Mr. Gow, that you have at last found the real genuine sort of stone, which you have this wonderful faculty of seeing things in?'

'O, quite sure. It is the same thin, oval, yellow speckled kind of stone I used when I discovered the pot of money on Cape Cod, that they supposed Kidd buried there. How provoking, to get only a hundred dollars for that job, when I might have gone shares with the man who employed me had I chose it! But the fact was, Martin, I was not at that time entirely certain that I possessed this faculty to so great an extent as I afterwards found.'

'But what can be the reason that you cannot see in the stone at one time as well as another?'

'No one can exactly tell. A friend of mine who has the faculty, and is deeply skilled in these matters, supposes it is the devil that casts a mist before the stone to hide what otherwise might be discovered, and this may be the case, it is possible that it may have some connection with the weather or state of the air. I had a beautiful clear view the first time I tried the stone after finding it this morning, but as my mind was running on scenes in my own country I made no discoveries of any thing hereabouts, for the view had faded away before I could turn my thoughts to this spot. One must always keep his mind intently fixed on what he expects to discover, and wait with patience till the stone clears, and then if there is any thing to be found he will be sure to seek it, and all the objects by which it is surrounded.'

'How wonderful! By heavens, if I only had the faculty, I—'

'Hush—hush—Martin, it begins to clear.'

'Does it? Mind and keep your thoughts on the mountain, Gow. Do you see any thing yet?'

'Nothing distinctly yet—nothing but woods, and hills with light misty clouds resting on them in broken masses, which seem to be dividing and slowly moving off. Stay! what peak is that rises in sight? Zounds! Martin, it clears every instant; and I can plainly distinguish the very mountain we are under. Look along the top of the ridge towards the north. Now see if you discover a tall dry tree, pine I should think, standing just above a bare rock.'

'Be easy a moment—I just caught a glance of something glimmering further down—but it appears to be gone now. There! I have it again right below the tree; but down, down to the very foot of the mountain. Now it comes!—brighter than ever!—Something of a white shining appearance. Silver! silver! Martin—as true as I am a sinner—coined dollars of silver, deep under ground!'

'O heavens and earth!' exclaimed Martin, leaping up and rubbing his hands in ecstasy, 'but mark the spot, Gow, where it lies.'

'I have,' replied the other, taking his face from the hat, 'the view has all died away now, and I shall not probably get another at this time. But what a glorious sight! Oh! my stars, if you could have seen it! The first day we were out here, and when I strayed from you, as you remember, I did, I cut and tried a divining rod, and from the working of it in my hand I became satisfied that there was a treasure near this mountain, as I afterwards hinted to you, but certainly never dreamed of such a mint of coined money. But come, let us go to the spot, and put some private marks on the trees as near the place as we can hit by guess.'

So saying, Gow pocketed his magic speculum, and hastily setting out for the place just designated as the spot where the treasure lay concealed, they soon came opposite to the tall tree and rock before mentioned, and halted close to the foot of the mountain.

'There!' exclaimed Gow, looking round and measuring the spot with his eye, 'there!'

Martin, within the compass of one acre around us, I will stake my life, there lies buried beneath the ground more than ten thousand hard dollars; but,' he continued with a look of mysterious gravity, 'but it may require much time and labor to find it; and we may have to fight dead men and devils, before we get fairly hold of it.'

'I will agree to fight both to their teeth, to git hold of a tenth part of that sum!' cried the other in boastful rapture.

'Well, then,' said Gow, 'we will now begin to think of the project in good earnest. But as it will take much hard digging probably to reach the treasure—more, doubtless, than we with our single hands, can expect to do, we shall be compelled to form a small company of four or five trusty individuals besides ourselves; and then we shall be able to do business to some effect.'

'Why, yes, but cannot we get along without this?' said the avaricious Martin. 'We might then have all the money to ourselves.'

'Ay, ay, if we could, and that were all, but you must know that there are some conditions to be complied with in this business; for beside their labor, which we shall need, you forget that I cannot exercise my skill, in making you rich, for nothing, and you will hardly be willing, or able, alone, to raise the sum I shall make you agree to give me before I go on.'

'How much?' asked the other, with symptoms of alarm.

'Not less than five hundred dollars.'

'What! five hundred dollars, and go shares too!'

'Exactly. If I only went shares, what should I get for my skill?'

'Yes, but five hundred dollars!' it is extortion, Gow, rank extortion! and I won't give it—I will go alone first.'

'Go then,' said Gow with a cold sneer, 'and we will see how much you will make by money digging without me.'

'I did not mean any offence, Mr. Gow,' rejoined Martin, in an apologetic tone, seeing the determined manner of the other, and fearful of pushing matters too far with him, 'I mean no sort of offence, but how can I raise such a sum?'

'True,' said Gow, 'I knew you could not, and therefore had an additional reason for proposing to form a company; and this we must do—one hundred dollars a piece will then be all that's required.'

'And one hundred is more than I know how to raise,' observed Martin, despondingly.

'I shall be fair with the company,' said the other, without seeming to heed the last remark of Martin. 'I shall be honorable, and to show them that there is no deception in the business, I will not require them to hand over the money till the first dollar of the treasure

is found—and then, before the treasure is opened, they must have it in readiness to pay over on the spot, and let me go equal shares in all that is found. These will be my conditions.'

'Well, I don't see why that is not all fair.'

'And hark'ee, friend Martin, there is one way by which I might let you off from paying the hundred dollars, or even any thing—if I thought—if.'

'If what eagerly asked the other, if there is any such chance for me, for heaven's sake let me know it—any thing that I can do—'

'Yes, yes, Martin there is the trouble, perhaps; for I fear that you cannot do me the favor I was thinking of, if you would, and I don't know that I ought to ask your interference—but I can name the case, and then you can tell me if you please, what your notions are on the subject. You may have already perceived, perhaps, that I have taken a fancy to your adopted daughter, May Martin—'

'Why, yes, but what do you want of her; it would give me a bad name if I should have any hand in—'

'O, you quite mistake my intention—as I said, I have taken a fancy to the girl, and I have made up my mind, even on a short acquaintance to make a wife of her, if she will marry me; but she appears to be shy, and I suspect, is determined to refuse any offers I may make her. Now if in this business, you feel disposed to assist me—'

'O, if that is all, I will use my influence to persuade her to accept your offer.'

'Yes, that you of course will do, if you felt disposed to favor my suit. But can't you so manage as to warrant my success? Now, what I was going to say was this, if you will insure me the girl, I will release you from paying me a cent in this other affair, that is, if you will bring it about within a month.'

'A month—that is a short time—why such haste?'

'Why, it is my way to do things at a dash. I may as well marry now as ever; and I trust we shall reach the treasure by that time at least, when you otherwise would have to pay me over the money.'

'True, I had forgotten that. Well, we will see what can be done. But how on earth to bring it about, I know not. She is engaged to Ashley, and no doubt is determined to marry him, let who will come; and he, too, is a bold straight-going fellow, who will not stand aside for a regiment.'

'But he is absent.'

'Yes, and that is lucky so far. If she could be weaned from him before his return, and she did not write to bring him back upon us—'

'O, the last can be managed; but will he write to her?'

'I presume so, but why that question?'

I merely asked out of curiosity. But who brings her letters from the village, where they come, I suppose?'

'I shall, probably, myself, why?'

'Now suppose you should withhold the letter, and never let her know any had come for her?'

'That might have effect in making her think she was neglected, perhaps.'

'And supposing you should let me take the letter and write her one in imitation of his hand; signing his name, and let you give it to her?'

'Yes but there would be no cheating her in that way—she is as keen as a razor—I have sometimes thought she could tell my thoughts, the prying hussey!'

'But I could though. I am handy with the pen and could once imitate any hand, so that the writer himself could not tell which was his own.'

'That would be rather roguish would it not, Gow? Besides, when Ashley returned, he would raise Ned with you for such a trick.'

'Why I should calculate to make you a rich man—take the girl and be off to my own country, long before he came back. But I see you are not disposed to help me and yourself in this business—'

'O, you are mistaken; I was only contriving, and I begin to think we can manage—and if you intend to take her out of the country, wife will lend a stiff hand, depend on't. She thinks May is quite too knowing, considering, and will soon get above us all; and to tell the truth, I have lately had a sort of a notion that the girl would bring some bad luck to us, in one shape or other. But take her away from this place, and she will make a smart wife enough, I dare say. Gow, she shall be yours, by hook or by crook, and there's my hand on it.'

This last point being settled to the mutual satisfaction of these worthy personages, they then proceeded to discuss and settle the details of the plan of operations proposed by Gow for coming at the buried treasure; the result of which was that Martin should take upon himself the task of forming a company from such of his neighbors as he should select as most trusty and best fitted for the enterprise. The work was to be commenced as soon as a company could be formed; to be carried on in the night, and with all possible secrecy. Gow was to superintend and direct the whole business. And for the purpose, as he told Martin, of guarding the spot, and always being near to catch every view which was to be had from his magic stone, and of making frequent trials of the divining rod, he was to erect a shantee on some part of the mountain above, for his chief residence, till the treasure was found, where no one was

to presume, on any account, to approach him, pretending that he could only make his discoveries to any advantage, when entirely alone. Here he was to be supplied with provisions, &c. from Martin's house, to which he should only repair, for the purpose of prosecuting his suit with May. Their whole plan being thus adjusted, they returned to the house with the understanding that each should proceed to his allotted post on the following morning.

From this time every means was tried, and every art put in requisition by Martin and his wife, to forward the projected match between Gow and their adopted daughter.—Their first attempts were confined to endeavors to impress her with favorable sentiments towards her new lover, and, at the same time, to prejudice her mind against Ashley and destroy the high estimation in which they well knew she deservedly held him. But not long resting satisfied with their progress in this indirect method of accomplishing their base purpose, they soon proceeded to open importunities, using every persuasion, to induce her to yield to their wish, and exhausting every argument their ingenuity could invent, which they thought likely to shake her still unaltered purpose of fidelity to her betrothed lover, and turn her mind to the man of their worse than mercenary choice.—Sometimes setting before her glowing pictures of the wealth and splendor to be gained by an union with Gow, and then contrasting this with the life of labor and obscurity, which they told her must be her certain lot if she married Ashley; sometimes resorting to flattery, followed by abject entreaties; and sometimes to menaces and bitter denunciation in case she finally refused to comply with their wishes and commands, till the poor girl felt as if she must sink under their united persecution. With the object of this unwearied intercession, himself, she succeeded much easier in securing herself from annoyance. He had by this proposed himself in direct terms, and had received a decided and unqualified refusal; and the simple majesty of innocence, and virtuous rectitude of purpose, all unprotected and discountenanced as they were on all sides, conveyed a rebuke before which, with all his assurance, he could not help quailing; and he shrank from the cold dignity of her presence, leaving her mostly unmolested by open attempts to soften her obduracy, choosing rather to rely on intrigue and deception to effect a design which he was well aware any manly or honorable course would fail of accomplishing. But this new and unexpected attempt of Martin and his wife, situated as he was to control her inclination and induce her to violate her plighted faith, was much less easily combatted; and doubly enhanced her distress and perplexity. Their motives for this

cruel conduct, she soon rightly conjectured must arise from some advantage to be gained by the success of their endeavor—some tempting condition by which Gow had bribed them; but why any such advantage, or bribe should be offered by the latter, she was wholly at a loss to imagine. She felt satisfied that his anxiety to obtain her hand did not proceed from any love which he had so hastily entertained for her, and much less could it arise, she thought, from any pecuniary or other advantage, to be gained by marrying a penniless and obscure orphan. But that such was his determined purpose, she could no longer doubt, and it was equally clear to her that her parents were closely leagued with him in the design. The neighbors, too, it was apparent, from their jokes and indirect advice to her, in their intercourse with the family had been biassed by the account which they had received of the new comer, and had already arrayed themselves on his side, and stood ready to advocate his cause. While the reluctance she had conceived to divulge what she knew of him, or to say aught to his disadvantage as long as he was a favored inmate of her family, mingled with a delicacy of feeling, forbidding her to discuss the character of an avowed lover, all combined to prevent her from trying to undeceive her acquaintance in their opinion of Gow, or to make known to any one the wretchedness and difficulty of her situation.—And had she attempted this, and made known her difficulty, she knew that it would not avail in changing the popular current which she saw was now setting in favor of Gow, or alleviating her embarrassments; she resolved therefore to endure in silence, and though alone, and unfriended, to persevere in her unshaken determination of resistance, till the return of Ashley should put an end to her sorrows and troubles.

'What great object do you propose to gain, May,' said Martin one day during this ceaseless warfare against the peace and happiness of the persecuted girl. What great object do you propose to gain by rejecting such a man as Mr. Gow, and accepting such a fellow as Ashley?'—

'I shall at least gain the approbation of my own conscience, father; for I have promised him solemnly, and he told me that he had your consent.'

'I might have said something of the kind perhaps, when I supposed you could do no better; but these foolish promises which boys and girls make to each other—what do they amount to? And how long does either party hesitate about breaking them, when finding they can do better with themselves, they wish to make another choice?'—

'But I have no wish to make another choice, and if I had, I hardly think I should gain much by the change you propose.'

'You don't pretend to compare Ashley to Mr. Gow, do you?'

'Certainly, I should not wish to compare him to this suspicious man—'

'What do you mean, girl? Would you insinuate any thing against the character of Mr. Gow—a gentleman, and a friend of mine as he is?'

'I do not wish to say any thing about him; but friend or gentleman, as you may believe him, you would be much better employed, I suspect, in guarding yourself against his arts, than in trying to drive a poor friendless and unprotected girl into his clutches.'

'What mean you, May Martin, once more I ask?' sternly demanded he, stamping on the floor. 'What reasons for your scandalous insinuations can you give? Speak—tell them if you have any. No wonder you hesitate: for you have none to give—'tis all a foolish stubborn girl's whim—prejudice against a man who loves you, but who is too good for you, and condescends too much in wishing to make you rich and happy. I tell you, girl, you must marry him!'

'O, I cannot, Father, never, never!'

'You won't then, will you? You forget that you are not of age yet, and that I have an indenture in that desk that puts you completely under my control?'

'I forget nothing, Sir. I know my duty and have always endeavored to do it; and can you say as much respecting the cruel course you are now pursuing towards me? Does that paper to which you so insultingly allude, give you the power to dispose of me in marriage without my consent and against my inclinations?'

'Hush, impudence!' vociferated Martin, again stamping with rage. 'A lecture on my duty, hey? Fine times I should think!'

'May don't remember,' chimed in Mrs. Martin with a spiteful leer and taunting tone, 'May don't remember who took her when she was a little ragged outcast, that no father would come to own, and fed, clothed and educated her, and gave her a respectable home.'

'O, I have, I do remember it,' said May bursting into tears, 'I remember it all, and would to heaven I could think of those days of kindness without associating them with later treatment—with this, this bitter hour of insult and cruelty!'

'Come, come, you silly girl,' said Martin, after waiting till her paroxysm had a little subsided, and now changing his manner into a half coaxing, half expostulating tone. 'Come, come, May, I did not mean to hurt your feelings—do not wish you to do anything but what I think is for your good. You, yourself, will be as ready to marry Mr. Gow, as you are now opposed to it, as soon as you find that Ashley has left you for another sweetheart.'

'Ashley?' said May slowly taking her handkerchief from her tear-bathed face, and looking at Martin with an air of mingled surprise and censure, 'Mr. Ashley will never do that.'

'Pshaw, nothing more likely!' responded Martin, carelessly. 'You don't know William Ashley as well as I do.'

'Well enough, however,' replied May promptly, 'to know that he will never do that—any sooner than I should voluntarily leave him for your Mr. Gow.'

'You would hardly dare to promise to marry Mr. Gow on condition of Ashley's desertion, I suspect?'

'Indeed, I should, Sir!'

'Well let us have your promise then.'

'I fear not to do it, Sir, on that condition,' rejoined May in a tone of unsuspecting confidence, 'and if such a promise will relieve me from any more persecution, and teasing to marry Gow, till Mr. Ashley is false to me, I will make it.'

'Well,' observed Martin, with a well feigned air of indifference, 'I will take you at your word. I suppose we must submit to the condition, though I still say we do not wish to force your inclinations, only so far as we know is for your interest. And now, you have made this promise, May, I hope you will think, should this condition be fulfilled, that it is as wicked to break it, as you now do to break your promise with Ashley.' So saying, and with a treacherous smile on his countenance, he left the room.

May marveled much at this unexpected termination of the dialogue which had begun so differently, and threatened so different an ending; and after Martin had retired, she endeavored to draw something from his wife which should go to explain her husband's sudden apparent willingness to drop his purpose for a promise made on a condition which she felt so confident could never happen, but the dame, who was naturally taciturn and cautious, and who rarely ever betrayed the secrets of her heart with her tongue, while her cold, severe and unvarying countenance was generally equally proof against all scrutiny on what was passing within, pretended to know nothing of the affair, and, after a few unsatisfactory replies, sunk into her usual foreboding silence. Our heroine, therefore, being left to her own conjectures, and, notwithstanding she felt some little misgiving relative to her promise, and an undefined suspicion that there was something wrong about it, seeing, nevertheless, no reason why it should be different from what circumstances purported, could not but congratulate herself on the prospect now presented, of a reprieve from her persecutions, and the latter feeling prevailing; she dismissed the subject from her mind, and resumed

her domestic occupations with a cheerfulness to which she had sometime been a stranger.

For nearly a week from the interview, just narrated, no allusion was made in the presence of May to the dreaded subject of a marriage with Gow; and in the respite thus allowed her she began to hope that her peace would no more be disturbed by any further recurrence of those scenes which had lately caused her so much distress and perplexity. And this hope, added to the cheering expectations she now daily entertained of receiving a letter from Ashley imparted a new impulse to her late trials from her mind. But this happy quiet was not long to continue; and like the deceitful calm of the elements, which often precedes the fearful tempest, soon proved to be but the prelude to new and aggravating sorrows.

'May,' said Mrs. Martin one day, as glancing through the window she saw her husband approaching the house in company with Gow; 'May, did Mr. Martin bring you any letter yesterday from the village?'

'Any letter!' replied May in surprise; 'bring me a letter! no; did he go to the village yesterday? I knew nothing of it.'

'Yes, he went,' said the other with an affected common place air, and I thought likely he might have found a letter for you there by this time—but here he comes himself, and can you tell whether he inquired for one—I'll warrant he did not though, he is such a forgetful creature—say Mr. Martin,' she continued, turning to her husband, as he now entered the room; 'did you inquire at the post office yesterday for a letter for May?'

'There now!' exclaimed Martin with a seeming abashed and self-condemning manner; 'Well, if that don't beat all! I should not blame May for scolding now—for, of all forgetful fellows, I believe I must be the worst—Yes, I did call at the office, and got her a letter, from Ashley, I conclude, and here I have carried it in my pocket ever since!'

'O, how could you—but where is it—O where is it?' eagerly exclaimed the animated girl, starting up and advancing.

'Here!' replied Martin, pulling out the letter and presenting it; 'here it is; and now we shall see no more of you till that is read and re-read a dozen times, I suppose.'

As the hungry bird darts upon the luscious grape accidentally revealed to his sight while wandering, weary and famished for food, so did May upon the valued prize before her; and scarce was it within her eager grasp before she bore it off, with eyes sparkling with joy and triumph, to another room, there to feast upon its anticipated contents which, in fancy, were to fill her own bosom with delight, and at the same time, to furnish an

ample refutation of the unjust and ungenerous surmises of Martin concerning the fidelity of her beloved Ashley. No sooner was she alone, than with trembling haste she tore open the seal and read in the well known hand of her lover, as she thought, as follows:

MISS MAY MARTIN,

Knowing you would expect a letter from me about this time, and considering it a duty to apprise you of some changes relative to myself, I have thought best to write you briefly. On my arrival at my old residence, I there met with one with whom I once had considerable intimacy, which was broken off by a misunderstanding between us, and I supposed the separation to be final. The misunderstanding is now, however, satisfactorily cleared up, and with a renewal of acquaintance, feelings which, when with you, I supposed dead, have revived. I presume you would not wish to marry a man who entertains a preference for another—I think I know you too well to believe you would for a moment endure the thought of such an union. And therefore it is extremely doubtful whether I return at all to Vermont. I have luckily found a man here who has taken my land settlement off my hands. Do not think I shall ever entertain any other feelings towards you than sincere friendship and the highest respect.

WILLIAM ASHLEY.

During the perusal of the first part of this unloverlike epistle, the countenance of May exhibited a surprised and disappointed expression, produced seemingly by the formal and unaccustomed introductory address, as well as not meeting with any thing she expected to find. But this impression as she continued, soon changed into a look of blank bewilderment, like one utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the writer, and it was not till she reached the concluding line that the painful truth which the writer with apparent reluctance, seemed impelled by a sense of duty to communicate, flashed for the first time, across her mind—then it was that the ashy paleness of dismay spread over the quivering muscles of her face; and with a hurried mechanical kind of motion she again commenced reading, trembling more and more violently as she proceeded, till her agitation become too great to continue the perusal, she dropped the fatal paper on the table, and lifting up her hands with a look of utter hopelessness and misery indistinctly murmured, 'Oh! may not this be some dreadful dream from which I shall awake!' And she pressed her hand hard upon the swelling veins of her forehead, as if to recover her consciousness. 'No, no,' she at length uttered in a tone of despairing grief—'no, no! wretched, O, wretched, lost, wrecked and ruined! and all but Heaven has now deserted me.' Tears now gushed and fell in a

shower from her eyes, and covering her face with both hands, heart-rending sobs alone gave further utterance to the agony of feeling with which her bursting bosom was laboring.

At this moment Martin, followed by Gow, entered the room.

'Why! what is all this now?' exclaimed the former, in affected surprise; 'What is the matter?—what can have happened, May? O, something in the letter—but do let us see what dreadful news it contains?' So saying, he officiously bustled up to the table, where May was sitting in the posture above described, with the letter open before her, without moving, or offering any resistance to Martin's taking it, and seemed busily to run over the contents! 'There!' he presently exclaimed, turning to his friend, 'this is just what I always expected; that fellow Ashley has cast May aside for an old sweetheart, and has the impudence here to tell her so—though it is scarcely three weeks since he was vowing and cooing round her like all the world.—The false hearted scoundrel! But May had fair warning how the fellow would treat her; and now I hope she will put a proper value on the offers of those who really love her, and are worth a thousand such fellows to boot.'

'Yes, May,' said Gow, in a low, soothing tone as he approached and leaned over the table by her side, while Martin, under pretence of further examining the letter, moved off to an opposite window; 'Yes, May, now this great obstacle to your marrying another is entirely removed, I hope you will no longer refuse to listen to my offer.'

'O, do not torment me,' she replied in broken utterance, her face still buried in her hands, 'O, leave me alone I beseech you.'

'May!' interrupted Martin sternly, 'remember your promise—you recollect—if Ashley deserted you! Have you forgotten it so soon?'

The wretched girl groaned aloud!

'You are silent?' continued her interrogator. 'And well you may be; for you will hardly deny the solemn promise you made me not a week since; and now I call on you to fulfil it—do you consent?'

'Have mercy—some mercy,' she cried, rising and moving towards the door, 'some mercy on a poor broken-hearted girl!'

'Do you consent,' again sternly demanded Martin, attempting to intercept her retreat.

'Do what you will with me—sell me as a slave—kill me if you please, but let me go now—oh do let me go!' was the beseeching reply, as with streaming eyes and convulsive sobs she escaped from her inquisitors, and fled to her own apartment.

'Let her go, Martin,' said Gow hastily, as the other was about to follow to command her back. 'Let her go—let the matter rest

just where it is. Silence gives consent of itself—besides have you not her express leave to do with her just as you please? What more do you want?'

'Why true, Gow,' replied the other hesitating under the twinges of some remains of conscience, which still lingered in despite of all the training it had lately received, 'true, she all but consented—and did consent in a sort—but—but you see she is no more willing now than before. And how would you manage it?'

'Manage it! why, there is nothing to do but to go ahead—You saddle your horse and go directly to the parson—tell him to publish the bans next Sunday, and be on hand to tie the knot on some day you and your wife shall fix on, as soon as your laws will allow; for I mean to go by gunter in this business.'

'Yes, but'—

'But what? You are thinking about raising the hundred dollars I conclude, or you would not hesitate to go on, now your chance is so much better than ever to save it; I tell you, man, one thing or the other must be done soon.'

The last hint was sufficient for a man of the disposition of Martin, and he at once forgot his qualms of conscience, and tamely promised obedience to the commands of the other.

'Well, then,' said Gow, 'go on as I told you; the game is now within certain reach, if all is kept still. We will let the girl alone pretty much till the day arrives, and in the mean time we will drive hard at our business at the mountain; for I should like amazingly to have a few of those gingers in my pocket for wedding music.'

'Amen to that!' said Martin, as he left his friend for the business more immediately before him.

'Dirty miscreant!' soliloquized Gow, after his friend had left the room, 'what a precious scoundrel, but for your pusillanimous fears, which only make you hesitate here, or any where! But with all your duplicity and good will to play false with me, I can keep the knave in you straight by means of the miser and the coward. Rogue as I am, I despise you for your meanness to this noble girl, whom you should protect, and had I not a greater object in view than you can have in this affair, I would hang myself before I, who have no such duties towards her, would be guilty of even the part I am taking, though a thousand times more decent than yours. It will do me good to see you punished, as you will be with a vengeance, for this shuffling to me and baseness to her. Hah! you little think that while you are helping me to a fortune with one hand you are twisting a rope for your neck with the other.'

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

General Daniel Delevan.

'Give to the earth his frame,
To moulder and decay;
But not his deathless name—
That cannot pass away.
In youth, in manhood and in age,
He dignified his country's page.'

THE race of revolutionary officers was a peculiar one—such as a country may possibly produce in times of oppression, tyranny and misrule, when the spirit breaks through the shackles which confined it, and every hazard is encountered in preference to a life of submission or slavery. The patriots of our revolution were born to effect the great objects of freedom—there was no rashness—no wild enthusiasm—no sudden and transitory feelings of patriotism; all was cool, collected and determined; firm of purpose—ever constant to the cause—fighting boldly for liberty, and calmly enjoying it when it was achieved.

Among the citizens of the state of New-York, who took an early part in the revolutionary struggle, and who has lately been gathered to his fathers, was General Daniel Delevan.

He was a native of Westchester, a county which, in patriots and soldiers, yielded its full quota in support of the great contest for freedom, and was about eighteen years of age when the celebrated battle of Lexington was fought, which in every section of the country kindled a flame of patriotism. General Delevan was commissioned as a captain in the army, and continued to serve in a military capacity during the whole contest, and only sheathed his sword when the independence of the United States was acknowledged by the definite treaty of 1783. His political principles and his early impressions were alike repugnant to the tyranny and misrule which prevailed in every direction; and he manfully opposed the minions of a foreign government, and denied their right to hold the country in a state of vassalage, and impoverish the people by ruinous taxation. He took up arms, therefore, with the ardor of youth, determined to live independent of foreign control and to assist in emancipating his country from tyranny and oppression.

Fearless, prompt, active and vigorous, all his energies were enlisted in the cause to which he had devoted himself; and to a powerful athletic person, he added a clear strong, cool head, and a resolution not easily shaken.

The situation of the country at that period, afforded very few facilities for the acquisition of knowledge—the schoolmaster was indeed 'abroad;' but in the Dutch settlements of Dutchess and Westchester, the scholar soon acquired all that the teacher could impart—in fact the same facility in education was common to the whole country, and what

General Delevan failed to acquire in a classical education, he made up by his natural genius, and a clear and sound intellect.

His quickness, intelligence and shrewdness, eminently qualified him for that sort of predatory warfare so remarkable on what was then termed the 'neutral ground;' and in after life, in recounting his dangers and the successful ingenuity by which himself and companions were rescued in those spirit-stirring times, the natural traits of his fearless and ardent character were conspicuously displayed. He was likewise a most trusty officer, strong in his attachments and undisguised in his aversions; and the proud consciousness of his fidelity, during his temporary command of the posts at West Point, would occasionally break forth in contrast to the foul treason of Benedict Arnold. The northern parts of Westchester county opened a broad field for that species of partisan warfare which kept men continually on the alert against surprise. Sudden small military irruptions, and British plundering parties, were constantly roaming where it was supposed they could ravage with impunity, which made every man in a measure a soldier and a sentinel. Vast numbers of the farms were deserted; the women, children and agricultural property were removed to a distance beyond the Highlands; and those who remained, generally dwelt in nooks and comparatively inaccessible spots among the hills, where the reward of discovery was no compensation for their labors and perils.—The agitation of the country often produced emergencies, which called into service during the period of alarm all the able bodied citizens; and a circumstance happened in reference to general Delevan, which is too extraordinary, if not unparalleled, to be passed over as a most remarkable fact in the annals of this or any other country on earth.

The general on several occasions had eight brothers all engaged with him in active military duties at the same time! and thus nine members of the same household at once were engaged in the defence of their country.—But although he continued, during eight years, enrolled with the army in constant service, he passed the dangerous crisis without any injury, except a wound in the left leg, which he received at the storming of Stony Point. He was also present at the execution of Andre.

General Delevan was highly esteemed by George Washington; and as a token of his regard for him, Lafayette, prior to his departure for Europe after the revolutionary war, presented him with a sword, as a memorial both of the revolution and of his friendship.

General Delevan was a proof of the value of a good education, and also of the evil effects produced by the life of a camp, upon inexperienced youth of impetuous tempers, with an

undisciplined mind and moral principles not thoroughly consolidated; for, after the treaty of peace in 1783, he found it difficult to cast off the turbulent habits of the garrison, and the restlessness of the military encampment, for the quietude of social life and regularity of pacific employment. After a few years, however, he purchased a large tract of land around Sing Sing, and married a daughter of Judge Johnson, of Putnam county. His native and enterprising spirit soon was perceptible; and as he discovered that that spot included some of the best natural advantages on the Hudson river for a suburban village to New-York, he gave himself up to the promotion of its interests; so that to him the present rapid growth of that village may chiefly be attributed. He procured the turnpike road from the north-eastern part of the county to be made, which terminates at Sing Sing. The early and patriotic emotions of the general were revived during the last contest with Britain; and he volunteered his aid, with that of all his workmen, and united in erecting a barricade across Manhattan Island, which was designed to repel any assault by land upon the city of New-York.

General Delevan had successively filled nearly all the civil offices which the counties have to bestow; but, from the period when he had passed his seventieth year, he lived mostly in retirement, gradually becoming more enfeebled, and it is believed more thoroughly and seriously contemplative in reference to eternity. He departed this life almost without any peculiar monitions of that approaching crisis, in November, last, in his seventy-ninth year, and was buried where the mortal remains of his wife and his eldest son and daughter await with him the resurrection of the dead. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of citizens of Sing Sing, nearly all of whom have become residents of that village long after his hospitable mansion had been the constant resort of the principal citizens and public functionaries of the state of New-York.

MISCELLANY.

Company and Conversation.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of man's life is necessarily spent in the society of others. The great business of life cannot be successfully carried on without a great intercourse between individuals. Now it would seem, if this intercourse is necessary and desirable, that much depends on its proper management; for it cannot be denied that, in many instances, it has proved the ruin of many families and individuals. What then is the character of that intercourse which is calculated to produce the happiest results? It is unquestionably the case that an excessive love of company,

and constant resort to the social circle, have a tendency to dissipate the mind and unfit it for the more serious business of life. But this does not arise from the proper management of the social powers; but rather from their abuse.

Solitude is as necessary as society, and the harmony of the human character cannot be preserved without a proper mixture of one with the other. The life of a social intercourse is conversation, and this cannot be carried on with spirit to any considerable length of time without being turned into mere chit chat. At least this must be the case with young persons, who have just entered into society, and began to enjoy its pleasures, but have not become familiar with those various topics of conversation which attach so much value to the company of those whose minds are experienced and whose knowledge of the world is more extensive. Here is the great reason undoubtedly why there are so many triflers in the world: there are no seasons of reflection to fit the mind to enter society and derive those benefits it is so abundantly able to produce. There is a growing taste for company, and it must be had; but the young person is unfurnished with those stores of knowledge necessary to render his company acceptable to men of information and discernment. Therefore he is thrown into a lower class and learns to trifle with the trifle. Here is the fruitful source of those evils so frequently complained of as springing from society. But the great fault is in the individual, in not taking the requisite pains when first entering into society. Not sufficiently aware of this in the early part of life, and too frequently carried headlong by our passions, we run heedlessly into the group, and in the zeal of our feelings, embrace the first we meet; but how often find that we have pressed a viper to our bosom to sting us at last. We see then at once that there are some grand requisites necessary in order to gain admission to those circles where we can expect to receive any lasting pleasures and improvements. But, happily these requisites, are within the reach of all. Every man, whose company is worth possessing, will be able to discern whether we are gratified with rational conversation or not; and certainly we have ability to cultivate such a relish. The mixed circle affords an excellent opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the customs and habits of mankind, as well as their peculiar modes of thinking. There are many prejudices imbibed in early life which nothing but an extensive acquaintance with men and manners can remove. In this manner we may trace out the peculiar excellencies and defects of our character, and be able to satisfy ourselves better than we otherwise could, what are only apparent and what are real.—*Watchman and State Journal.* T. B. L.

Evils of Rail Roads.

THE New-York Gaz. has the following humorous argument, which it says was used by a canal stockholder in opposition to rail road ways, 'He saw what would be the effect of it; that it would set the world a gadding. Twenty miles an hour Sir! Why, you will not be able to keep an apprentice boy at his work; every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio, to spend the Sabbath with his sweet heart. Grave, plodding citizens will be flying like comets. All local attachments must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Veracious people will turn into immeasurable liars, all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance. 'Only a hundred miles off! Tut, nonsense. I'll step across, Madam and bring your fan!' 'Pray sir, will you dine with me at my little box at Alleghany? Why, indeed I don't know, I shall be in town until twelve. Well I shall be there, but you must let me off in time for the theatre. And then, Sir, there will be barrels of pork, and cargoes of flour and chaldrons of coal, and even lead and whiskey, and such like sober things, that have been used to sober traveling, whisking away like a set of sky-rockets. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. If two gentlemen have an affair of honor they have only to steal off to the Rocky mountains, and there no jurisdiction can touch them. And then Sir, think of flying for debt. A set of bailiffs mounted on bomb shells could not overtake an absconding debtor, only give him a fair start. Upon the whole, Sir, it is a pestilential, topsyturvy, harum scarum whirl-gig. Give me the old fashioned, solemn straight forward regular dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for a jog and trot journey—with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load. I go for beasts of burthen; it is more primitive and scriptural and suits a moral and religious people better. None of your hop skip, and jump whimsies now for me.'

Col. Ethan Allen.

WE have heard one anecdote of Allen, which we believe has not yet been in print.

Mr. B. an attorney of Vermont, once received from some person in Boston a note of hand for £60 against Allen for collection. It being inconvenient for him at that time to pay the note, it was sued. When this case came on for trial, Allen employed a lawyer to get the action continued until he could raise money to settle the demand, and accordingly, the attorney as the readiest means of accomplishing his object, determined to deny the genuineness of the signature. This would oblige the plaintiff to produce the witnesses to the note; who resided in Boston and could not be brought forward on the instant. The effect of the manœuvre would be to cause the

plaintiff to postpone the trial till the next court.

When the case was called, it happened that Allen was in a remote part of the court house and to his utter astonishment, heard his lawyer gravely deny the signature of the note. With long and erect strides, he rushed through the crowd and confronted the amazed 'limb of law,' rebuking him in a voice of thunder.

'Mr. ———, I did not hire you to come here and lie—that is a true note—I signed it—I'll swear it—and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling, I want time. What I employed you for was to get this business put over to the next court; not to come here and lie and juggle about it.' The result was that the postponement of the claim was amicably arranged between the two lawyers.

Scene in a Bank.

A Irishman entered one of our banks yesterday, and throwing down a \$5 bill—'Will you be kind enough, Misther, just to give me the specie for that same bit of a bill?'

'No, sir.'

'What! can't you be afther paying such a small sum as that, at all, at all?'

'We have suspended paying specie altogether!'

'Suspended have you? And is this the institution, sure, that cannot pay an honest man five dollars, that you have had a man parading about with a loaded musket, all the long winter through, to keep off thaves? If you had a pig, or any thing valuable to protect, 'twould all have been right enough, but such a poor miserable concern as this is, sure.—Och! botheration to you, and the like of you!'—N. O. Picayune.

'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'

THE storms by which the commercial world is convulsed, are calculated to reconcile thousands to their farms, who had grown impatient at the contrast presented between their certain means of comfortable independence, and the apparent riches suddenly resulting from lucky speculations. Sun never shone upon a class of men possessing more fully all the earthly means of social happiness and solid prosperity, than the Agriculturists of this Republic; and the 'gifts of God are lavished vainly' indeed upon that Farmer who barters the blessings within his reach for imaginary happiness with the possession of wealth acquired by the thousand gambling speculations whose pernicious effects have temporarily paralyzed the business of the country.

ORIGIN OF FASHION—'Grandpa, where do people get their fashions from?' 'Why, from Boston.' 'Well, where do the Boston folks get them from?' 'From England.' 'Ah, and

where do the English get them?' 'From France.'—'And where do the French get them from?'—'Why—why, right straight from the devil; there, now stop your noise!'

A Bite.

A VERY important stripling, whom favoritism had raised to the dignity of quarter-master in a regiment of infantry, wishing one parade-day to dismount from his charger for the purpose of wetting his whistle and adjusting his spurs, called out in a very commanding tone to a spectator who was near him—

'Here, fellow, hold this horse.'

'Does he kick?' drawled out the person addressed.

'Kick! no; take hold of him.'

'Does he bite?'

'Bite! no; take hold of the bridle, I say!'

'Does it take two to hold him?'

'No!'

'Then hold him yourself.'—N. Yorker.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. H. jr. New-York, \$1.00; J. B. C. Montrose, Pa. \$1.00; H. M. W. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; G. N. F. New-York, \$0.87; H. S. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$0.75; L. W. jr. Lawrenceville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wadsworth, O. \$2.00; H. C. St. Johnsbury, Vt. \$1.00; E. L. H. Guilford Center, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. South Egremont, Ms. \$2.00; P. L. E. Royalton Center, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. W. Saugatuck, Mich. \$1.00; G. W. S. Gayhead, N. Y. \$3.50; M. T. Acra, N. Y. \$1.00; L. C. D. Columbiaville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Dana, Mass. \$2.00; J. W. D. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Gouverneur, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Richmond, Vt. \$5.00; E. J. H. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$5.00; A. A. E. Shelby, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Brookfield Vt. \$6.00; P. M. Clockville, N. Y. \$10.00; E. W. C. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Otto, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. East Clarendon, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Proctorville, Vt. \$5.00; J. H. F. Somerset, N. Y. \$1.00; F. C. Niagara, U. C. \$10.00; L. E. W. Plainfield, Mass. \$5.00; G. C. Brattleborough, Vt. \$6.00; J. K. R. Pompey Center N. Y. \$1.00; W. M. Northampton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fletcher, Vt. \$2.00; P. V. N. H. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; J. M. R. Madison, N. C. \$1.00; J. D. H. McDonough, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. Rutland, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. North Chili, N. Y. \$10.00; J. R. C. New-York, \$1.00; J. C. New-Hampton, N. H. \$2.00; W. A. D. Potsdam, N. Y. \$2.00; G. B. A. Massena, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. Milton, Ct. \$6.00; M. M. N. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Sullivan, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. East Bern, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; B. T. Camden, N. Y. \$5.00; J. C. Ancram, N. Y. \$1.00; D. L. D. Geddes, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Albion, N. Y. \$5.00; W. P. H. Oswego, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Bath, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. East Lexington, N. Y. \$3.00; J. A. Cuyahoga Falls, O. \$2.50; E. H. Cassville, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; J. S. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Catskill, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. New-York, \$1.00; H. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$5.00; W. B. Canoga, N. Y. \$5.00; J. P. B. East Kill, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. W. Catskill, N. Y. \$5.00; H. H. F. Milwaukie, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; J. H. Washington Hollow, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. W. Whittaker, Mr. John H. Best to Miss A. Plattner.

At Albany, on the 23th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kipp, Mr. John W. Netterville to Miss Mary Pratt, all of that city.

At New-York, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Capt. E. Winchester, Printer of Mobile, to Miss Elizabeth N. Story.

At New-York, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. C. K. True, Mr. Obediah A. Rowe, Printer, to Miss Catharine Weaver,

At Catskill, on Sunday, Mr. Peter W. Roraback, of this city, to Miss Caroline H. Penoyer.

DIED.

In this city, on the 16th ult. Mr. Henry H. Lovejoy, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 23th ult. Mrs. Sarah Lovejoy, in the 65th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. Diana A. daughter of Highland B. Weeks in her 9th year.

At Taghkanic, on Sunday morning the 18th inst. Mr. Samuel W. Myers, in the 34th year of his age.

Very suddenly, at Unity, Illinois, May 31st, Mrs. Lydia W. Hailman, in the 43d year of her age, wife of Dr. D. Hailman and daughter of the late Gen. Samuel Edmonds of this city.



SELECT POETRY.

From the New-Yorker.

The Harp of the Minstrel.

It is related of a celebrated musician, that at the moment he expired, the strings of his harp were broken by an invisible hand.

Upon a silken couch
The child of Song was lying,
And through the open casement
The soft south wind was sighing;
And orange buds were wafted
On Summer's perfumed breath,
And rose-leaves there lay scattered
Within the room of death.

'Bring forth my Harp,' the minstrel said,
'And let me once again
Recall the soul's deep witchery
That dwells within its strain:
For still the memory of the loved
Around this fond heart clings,
And each low note of melody
Some dear remembrance brings.'

With trembling hand he swept the chords,
And notes so soft—so clear
Ascended on the evening air
That angels stooped to hear—
And marvelled, as they drank the sounds,
That aught so pure had birth
Within the cheerless, sinful bounds,
Of dark and dreary earth.

Again—as with a magic hand,
The minstrel struck the lyre—
Once more his dark and sunken eye
Glowed with celestial fire:
His thoughts were on the battle field
In all its proud array—
And with that gush of melody
His spirit passed away!

Eeraptured by the thrilling tones,
A spirit hovered nigh,
And as she gazed upon the harp
A tear-drop filled her eye.
She spoke:—'And shall ANOTHER'S touch
Awake thy strain? no never!
She drew her hand across the lyre
And broke its chords forever!

The Spirit's Land.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLME.

THE Spirit's Land!—where is that land
Of which our fathers tell!
On whose mysterious, viewless strand
Earth's parted millions dwell?
Beyond the bright and starry sphere,
Creation's flaming space remote:
Beyond the measureless career,
The phantom flight of thought.

There, fadeless flowers their bosoms wave
Beneath a cloudless sky;
And there the latest lingering tear
Is wiped from every eye;
And souls beneath the tree of life
Repose upon that blessed shore,
Where pain, and toil, and storm, and strife,
Shall never reach them more.

And yet methinks, a chastened wo
E'en there may prompt the sigh—
Sweet sorrows we would not forego
For calm, unmingled joy.
When strains from angel-harps may stray
On heavenly airs, of mortal birth,
That we have heard far, far away,
Amid the bowers of earth.

Ah then, perchance, their saddening spell,
That from oblivion saves,
May wander, by a lorn farewell,
From this dim land of graves;
And, like the vision of a dream,
Shed on the disembodied mind,
Of mortal life a dying gleam,
And loved ones left behind.

Yes—yes, I will, I must believe,
That Nature's sacred ties
Survive, and to the spirit cleave,
Immortal in the skies;
And that imperfect were my bliss
In heaven itself, and dashed with care,
If those I loved on earth should miss
The path that leadeth there.

Yield not to Dark Despair.

HAST thou one heart that loves thee,
In this dark world of care,
Whose gentle smile approves thee—
Yield not to dark despair.

One rose whose fragrant blossom
Blooms but for thee alone;
One fond, confiding bosom
Whose love is all thine own.

One gentle star to guide thee,
And bless thee on thy way,
That e'en when storms betide thee,
Still lends its gentle ray.

One crystal fountain springing
Within life's desert waste,
Whose waters still are bringing
Refreshments to thy taste.

One tuneful voice to cheer thee,
When sorrow has distressed;
One breast when thou art weary,
Whereon thy head to rest.

Till that sweet rose is faded,
And cold that heart so warm,
Till clouds thy star have shaded,
Heed not the passing storm—

Till the kind voice that blest thee,
All mute in death dost lie,
And the fount that oft refreshed thee,
To thee is ever dry;

Thou hast one tie to bind thee—
To this dark world of care,
Then let not sorrow blind thee—
Yield not to dark despair.

Lines by a Young Lady Born Blind.

If this delicious grateful flower,
Which blows but for a little hour,
Should to sight so lovely be
As from its fragrance seems to me,
A sigh must then its color show,
For that's the softest joy I know,
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to sooth, and then to die.
My father, when our fortunes smiled;
With jewels decked his eyeless child;

Their glittering worth, the world might see,
But ah! they have no charms for me.
A trickling tear bedewed my arm,
I felt it, and my heart was warm;
And sure the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear.

Blue Ink.

You ask me, Edward, what I think
Of this new fashionable ink?
I'll answer briefly, Ned,
Methinks it will be always blue:
At all events, when used by you
It never will be red.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 24th of June, 1837, will be issued the first number of the *Fourteenth Volume (Fifth New Series)* of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The *Fourteenth volume, (Fifth New Series)* will commence on the 24th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscriptions to be sent by the 24th of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1837.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

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All orders and Communications must be *post paid*, to receive attention.